

# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME II—NUMBER 9.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY. FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER 61.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.  
IS PUBLISHED IN  
Stanford, Kentucky,  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

OPEN—SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, (P. P. Stiles)  
HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Year in Advance.

SERGEANT HOFF:  
AN EPISODE OF THE SEIGE  
OF PARIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY  
PROF. JOHN F. TABRANT.

He was famous during two entire months. He had received the title of Major, and the Parisians made him their special hero. In him was to be seen the true type of a Frenchman, one of that class of men so valuable to arms operating in the country, for harassing the enemy, killing men, making opportunities and preparing the way for a grand dash upon outposts. In the daily reports of operations the name of Hoff was constantly recurring, and the most skeptical were at last forced to believe things concerning him almost incredible. Had he not, up to the 10th of November, already slain with his own hands more than thirty Prussians? Either alone, or accompanied by only a few followers, he was continually traversing the country, fighting in true partisan style, killing the enemy's videttes and surprising the outposts. At one time he drove the Prussians from the Isle des Loups; at another time he captured Neufchâtel. He was king of all that country from Nogent to Ville-Evrard, along the right bank of the Marne. For the performances of so many remarkable deeds, he had received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Reporters of the press interviewed him, newspapers published details of his life, his photograph was all over the city, and never before in Paris did people talk so much about victories, surprises, fame-tirades and gloriosities.

Meanwhile the siege was dragging along its slow length. It was now January, and all hearts were closed against hope. People no longer expected anything but bad news. They knew Hoff had suddenly disappeared at Champigny, and everybody was asking, "What has become of Hoff?" A journalist hunted him up and informed himself of his whereabouts, and, in communicating to the public what he knew of Hoff, made some astounding revelations. The famous sergeant was only a spy, his real name was Hentzel, and his rank was first lieutenant in the Bavarian Chasseurs. His vaunted fame and exploits explained themselves only too well. By virtue of his fame he freely traversed the whole line of outposts, visited his comrades, divulged both our instructions and our plans, and then would return to our lines loaded with easily-caught spoils, helmets, or guns, which served well the purpose of deceiving us to his true character. In vain would some of those who had marched with Hoff in his expeditions protest his innocence; in vain did they explain the conditions of his service and recite the details of his life. Nobody would now believe anything good of him. Besides all this, the counterfeiter Bargent was not long in meeting with his merited punishment; for the franc-tireurs of the Seine, in a little expedition, had surprised, recognized, and shot him without the benefit of a trial, and they could even point out the place of execution on the other bank of the Seine. This removed all doubt on the subject. With the same enthusiasm the Parisian population had heretofore vied with each other in extolling their hero, when now they heard the story of his audacious character, with the same degree of self-accusation they were astounded at their own folly, in having taken into their hearts a Prussian spy. They even strongly hinted that the Government had something to do with this mysterious character, and more than one person exclaimed, in the then usual freedom of speech, "We are betrayed!"

Now the fact was, Hoff was still alive. The poor fellow was entirely innocent, and had done his duty to the very letter, and at this very moment, when all Paris was crying out "Spy," he was a prisoner in Germany, having been compelled to change his name in order to cheat the Prussians out of the price set upon his head. After four months captivity and his return to France, he joined the army of Versailles, and received, when entering Paris, a wound which rendered him unfit for any future service. Until very recently he was in the fort of Mount Valérien. Here he related to me the history of his life. He spoke slowly, soberly, in a tone utterly devoid of boasting, and with all that hesitation and style peculiar to Alsatian peasantry. He has not an expressive countenance to impress one at first sight.

Hoff is about forty years old, of medium stature, with blue eyes, and a mild peaceful air; in a word, he was cut out for a soldier. His already-bent form, his

gray hair, his wrinkled look, cause him to appear older than he really is. He has been quickly worn out in his peculiar business. Simple in his manners, even a little awkward, he bears to express himself, and always maintains a certain reserved mien; but under his humble exterior he concealed a nature strongly tempered and capable of the highest devotion. Besides, he is not wanting in shrewdness or intelligence. The short lip was a smile very peculiar. When he is animated, his small, keen eyes seem to flash, his features acquire all at once an expression of singular energy, and he is then at no loss for language.

"Because I could," replied Hoff.

It is a generally accredited principle that greatness reveals itself in men in early life; but whether it was through prejudice or not we can not say. Hoff had not, previous to the war, disclosed in any manner or in any phase of his life any marks of that greatness which was suddenly to break upon the world. He was born in Alsacia, in the canton of Marmoutier, a short distance from Neufchâtel. A plasterer by trade, at the age of fourteen years he left the paternal roof to commence his tour of France. In 1850 the conscription took him, and he entered the regiment. He knew almost nothing then; he could read a little, write a little, and only in German. It was in the army he learned French. Hence his promotion was very slow, and it was ten years before he was made corporal. Besides, by a singular fortune, during this long period he had not served in any campaign, and this old soldier, who in the early part of the siege of Paris displayed such bravery and skill, had never before been under fire. The nearest he ever came to campaign service was a few months passed at Rome with the army of occupation. The beginning of the war found him a drill-sergeant at Paris, one troop, it is well known, did not go beyond the line of forts, and the enemy had advanced far beyond the limits which it was to preserve at a later day. On the 7th of March the enemy was posted in front of Vincennes, but did not occupy Nogent. During the night the Prussian scouts pushed their reconnoisseances as far as the village, and they passed along at full gallop the regiment of the line who were in barracks. What could he do? Nobody knew what except his duty, most certainly; for he was considered a good subordinate, orderly and steady; but an unexpected event at once aroused his energy and strengthened his faculties ten fold.

About the middle of August he learned that his father, an old man sixty-four years of age, had been seized and shot by the Prussians while defending his fireside. Fortunately the news was false, as he afterwards found out, but the blow was struck. From this time war became to Hoff a personal matter, and his private feelings were intensified into that bitter hatred nursed by every Alsatian in front of the houses of Italy. They lay here in waiting, with ready guns, four long hours. Suddenly a detachment of cavalry was seen issuing from Petit-Bry, coming down the tow-path from the street leading from the mayonnaise towards the river. They were at least three hundred in number, unconcernedly smoking and chatting, the cigars of the officers glowing in the darkness. Now was Hoff's time. At a given signal, the fifteen guns were lowered and a broadside of bullets was showered into the ranks of the detachment. Caught in the narrow space between the river and the walls of the neighboring inns, and the walls of the neighboring inns, the Germans could neither advance nor retreat. The frenzied horses were rearing, men were falling, the whole squadron was in confusion, and our men continued firing upon them all the while. It was a scene of indescribable confusion. At last some bodies of infantry issued from the houses of Bry, and began to reply to our men, while at the same time a few shots were fired from the left. Fearing a flank movement, Hoff ordered a retreat, himself being the last to leave. The next morning at daylight the Prussians, as usual, carefully carried off their dead and wounded; but fifty horses were left scattered over the ground.

In retreating, Hoff had observed carefully the place upon our side of the river whence came the shots fired at him in the skirmish. He concluded that this must be one of the enemy's outposts. He was right, for under shelter of the bridge there had been established a picket of four men, and every morning the relief crossed the Marne in a boat. The Sergeant determined to make sure of this thing. One evening, this time all alone, he directed his course towards the Marne, and half creeping, half walking, at last reached it without having been heard. Leaning against a pile of stones, a Bavarian was acting sentinel. He was looking with a melancholy air at the water rolling by, and was doubtless dreaming of his native land. Hoff threw himself upon him and clove his skull with one blow of his saber; then, perceiving a sentinel standing on the left bank, he raised his gun and brought him to the ground. A German ran up, fired at the Sergeant and missed him, and fell in his turn, struck by a ball from the Sergeant's gun. It did not require ten minutes for all this to transpire. This fight Hoff called his first Prussian battle.

A more invalid went to church last Sunday for the first time in several months. "Did you not enjoy the sermon?" said her husband. "Enjoy it? I guess I did, immensely, till I looked at a lady in a front pew, when all at once I was made unhappy; for (would you believe it?) my back hair was n't up high enough."

Such a debt merited certain privileges.

## DEPPEN'S CLOTHING HOUSE,

CORNER FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT ON GROUND FLOOR.  
FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT ON GROUND FLOOR.  
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT ON FIRST FLOOR.

### Four Cutters in the Custom Department.

Special Attention Paid to Orders from the Country.

wished to preserve its memories. Upon Hoff from that time had authority to the two banks of the Marne, the enemy leave the lines when he chose, and to and dusty turf, trampled down by the fight in his own way. They even placed the feet of soldiers, soiled by old plaster-work and ruins, seems even after two years unable to regain its former freshness. Hero and there in the soil are holes half a yard deep, the graves of lost sentinels; then fallen trees whose dead trunks penetrate the earth. Thin walls of the gardens and houses hardly repair, show by their marks the places of slaughter, and these great white squares dot the dark background. Bullets have shattered the lattice, and broken down the fencing. The eye is saddened by the spectacle, and now we see coming heavy wagons loaded with material; at the end of the road some pointers, while singing, are re-establishing the sign of cabaret; near by is heard the grinding of the iron upon the stone, and the hummer of the workman repairing the bridge of Bry. Every spot of the country has now its legends. Here it was that Hoff was born in Alsacia, in the canton of Marmoutier, a short distance from Neufchâtel. A plasterer by trade, at the age of fourteen years he left the paternal roof to commence his tour of France. In 1850 the conscription took him, and he entered the regiment. He knew almost nothing then; he could read a little, write a little, and only in German. It was in the army he learned French. Hence his promotion was very slow, and it was ten years before he was made corporal. Besides, by a singular fortune, during this long period he had not served in any campaign, and this old soldier, who in the early part of the siege of Paris displayed such bravery and skill, had never before been under fire. The nearest he ever came to campaign service was a few months passed at Rome with the army of occupation. The beginning of the war found him a drill-sergeant at Paris, one troop, it is well known, did not go beyond the line of forts, and the enemy had advanced far beyond the limits which it was to preserve at a later day. On the 7th of March the enemy was posted in front of Vincennes, but did not occupy Nogent. During the night the Prussian scouts pushed their reconnoisseances as far as the village, and they passed along at full gallop the regiment of the line who were in barracks. What could he do? Nobody knew what except his duty, most certainly; for he was considered a good subordinate, orderly and steady; but an unexpected event at once aroused his energy and strengthened his faculties ten fold.

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One evening going out from Paris by the Bois de Vincennes, sees on the left hand the village of Nogent, with its little red and white houses buried in the foliage, its deserted little streets embalmed with the odors of its gardens, and in the background its magnificent viaduct with gigantic arches, which, crossing the Marne with two long strides, gradually diminishes in each direction, and is sketched on the horizon like a fringe of stone. On the left, along the bank of the river, lies the road from Strasburg, which leads from Nogent, through the outskirts of Perreux, to Nogent and Ville-Evrard. From this point there is an uninterrupted view of the other side of the Marne. Below is Petit-Bry, with its rustic belfry and its terrace-groups of houses; on the left is Noye le Grand, on the right, the extensive farms of Tremblay, and still farther beyond, and on the higher grounds, Villiers, Couilly, all those villages to the suburbs of Paris with names formerly so cheerful, now become silent, because the scenes of war, and still retaining the traces of that war, as if everything

### Be Careful What You Write.

Oh, wealthy, toil-worn merchant,  
With ebbing brim,  
Whose purse o'er thy ledger  
And counting less and gain,  
When tradesmen are complaining,  
And money's very "tight,"  
Be careful for your indument,  
Be careful what you write.

And thou, excited lover,  
Whose heart walls o'er with sighs,  
Whose train is dazed with gazing  
In a pair of roguish eyes—  
If you're impelled by import  
A mischievous to abide,  
When you start to pen your thoughts,  
Be careful what you write.

And then, oh wealthy graybeard—  
A widower, nay, nay—  
Entranced by some gay widow  
Who sets for you her cap:  
Should she a letter send you,  
Would fill you with delight,  
When you open it, aman,  
Be careful what you write.

And let me caution thee, too,  
Thou man of passions strong,  
When you are writing under  
Some real or fancied wrong,  
And longing to demolish  
Your adversary,  
By sending him a letter,  
Be careful what you write.

And then, oh boyish,  
Whose never weary eye  
Gleams greedily whenever  
A neighbor's fault you spy,  
Your species incendiary  
May safely speak your spite;  
But if you'd cease a law-suit,  
Be careful what you write.

And then, oh gifted author,  
Whose ready, facile pen  
Develops scenes and incidents  
Which thrill thy fellow men:  
Let reason and morality  
Control thy fancy's flight;  
Say nothing which may foster sin—  
Be careful what you write.

The memory of idle words  
Perhaps may pass away—  
The evil day cometh.

But once in print they may appear,  
Some gullible and blith,  
When you have indored into dust.  
Then be careful what you write.

Oh, ye who wield the mighty pen!  
Thrice happy is his lot,  
Who, "living, never saw a line  
That dying, he would blad."—  
To terror of the dread beyond  
Can such a soul suffice.  
Then to who furnish trivial food,  
Be careful what you write.

One day, upon the Strasburg road, between Nogent and Nandy-sur-Marne, two of the enemy's cavalry were reconnoitring. Accidentally Hoff was looking for luck in the same place. At the sound of footsteps he jumped behind a palisade, drew his saber, and waited. One of the ulans dismounted, and, laying his horse in the charge of his courage, went forward. Once by one the ulans availed himself of the shelter of the trees along the road, moving onward, bending forward in listening attitude. We can form some idea of his terror when he all at once saw, only three steps in the grass, two glaring eyes gazing at him. Without giving him time to recover himself, Hoff fell upon him, killed him outright, and then ran to the other cavalryman, who, holding the reins in his hands and attempting in vain to defend himself, was quickly dispatched. The two horses set off at a gallop. Hoff has always regretted their loss.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### PERSONAL MATTERS.

Some of our friends express surprise that personal explanations through newspapers should be charged for as advertisements. We admit the impression has gotten abroad that newspapers have nothing to do but to take up people's grievances and set them right before the public. We are also painfully cognizant of the fact—one that most people overlook—that nearly all editors are dependent upon their papers for a support, and that people should not more expect them to render free services of their means of living than a lawyer or physician should render professional services without a consideration. We take it that when a man goes into print to explain a personal matter, he expects to be benefited by the explanation; and he should no more expect a free benefit from an editor than that certain personal matters make interesting items for newspapers. This is all true, but most editors are capable of writing up all items that they think will be of interest to their readers.

#### HOW THE APOSTLES DIED.

Matthew suffered martyrdom by the sword in Ethiopia. Mark died in Alexandria, after being dragged through the streets, and was hanged on an olive tree in Greece. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil, but escaped death and was banished to Patmos. Peter was crucified at Rome, with his head downward. He was put in this position at his own request, because he did not deem himself worthy to be crucified in the same way that Christ was. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple, and beaten to death below. Philip was hanged against a pillar at Hierusalem. Bartholomew was hanged to death. Andrew was bound to the cross, whence he presided to his persecutors. He was beaten to death, and then crucified. Thomas was run through the body at Cormaile in Judea. Matthias was stoned, and then beheaded. Barnabas was stoned by the Jews at Salona. Paul was beheaded at Rome by Nero.

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# THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1873.

## DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

We reprint elsewhere the platform adopted by the Democratic State Convention, at Frankfort on the 1st inst. It is, we suppose, impossible in the nature of things that a platform of principles can be other than somewhat rapid and pacy reading. The same venerable sentiments are to be announced for the hundredth time, the same well known pollywag formulas are always brought into requisition, and the effect is sometimes very depressing indeed. And yet they must be accepted, with a great many other tiresome formalities in the world, as necessary nuisances. Party organizations, upon which are dependent party vitality and party success, require formal annunciation, at suitable times, of the distinctive tenets upon which it bases its appeal to popular favor and "puts itself upon the country." This manifesto of our late convention is certainly not lacking in the characteristic pomposity, to which we refer; yet, on the whole, it may be said to be a sound and dignified presentation of Democratic policy, setting forth clearly enough, though neither as sharply nor as vigorously as desirable, the two fundamental and irreconcileable differences between us and our Republican brethren.

## DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

On our fourth page will be found a full text of the Democratic platform as adopted by the Convention which convened at Frankfort, May 1st, 1873. The Central Committee is located at Frankfort, composed of Hon. Geo. W. Cradock chairman, W. P. D. Bueb, D. Howard Smith, S. I. Major, J. Stoddard Johnson, L. Tobin and J. W. South.

An advisory or executive committee were seated, composed of one gentleman from each Congressional District as follows: 1st District, H. S. Tyler; 2nd District, W. F. Gregory; 3rd District, J. C. Underwood; 4th District, A. M. Adair; 5th District, Basil W. Duke; 6th District, M. T. Bryant; 7th District, R. H. Gayle; 8th District, J. W. Alcorn; 9th District, Robert W. Riddle; 10th District, K. F. Prichard.

The powers and duties of the Central Committee, are the advisory or executive or associate members thereof, are laid down in the following resolution which was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the permanent organization of the Democratic party of Kentucky shall be as follows:

The Central Committee, to be located at Frankfort, shall consist of seven members, and shall have charge of the General organization and routine business of the party; but, in addition to said committee, there shall be an executive committee of one from each Congressional District, who shall be called together, shall have power to cast their votes by proxy, letter, or telegram. Provided that in all meetings of the executive committee, the central committee shall only be entitled to one vote.

The Lincoln county Executive Committee is composed of the following gentlemen: W. G. Welch chairman, Wm. Gooch, Wm. O. Hansford, Jas. Cook, Joe Young, Geo. W. Alford, Thomas Richards, J. S. Owles.

Hon. James W. Tate was nominated as candidate for State Treasurer by acclamation.

## SHOCKING, IF TRUE.

The Mysterious Letter Which an East Kentucky Heirress Found in Her Window.

*Greencup Independent.*

We have received the following letter with request to publish, and do so, not vouching, however, for the truth of the statement contained therein. It was handed us by a highly respectable gentleman who believes the statements:

Lynn Postoffice,

GREENUP COUNTY, KY., April 21, 1873.

Mr. Editor:

Please put this note in your paper. It is concerning the attempt to murder one Miss Ermina O. Smith, daughter of Jas. Smith, now a resident of Greenup county, Kentucky. Her father lives on Tygart creek, about eleven miles from Portsmouth, near Bennett's mills, she being the only child remaining at home.

Saturday morning on the 19th of April, her parents found her in her bed.

She had been chloroformed and tied hands and feet with the sheet and wound up in her bed clothes. A pillow was laid on her face and an iron wedge laid on the pillow, and it was ironed with some difficulty that she was brought to her senses.

She said she had no knowledge of what had happened during the night, but said she had been fully satisfied that some one had been at her window a few nights before, but she could not convince her parents of the fact. All the knowledge of the cause of this outrage is what we can gather from a writing left in her window by the villain, which reads as follows:

Emigration To Kentucky.

Circumstances require.

There has been a belief, widespread throughout the North, that immigrants are not, and are not likely to be, welcome south of the Ohio. The emphatic and cordial declaration of the Kentucky Democratic State Convention should bury such suspicion. If similar declarations had been made earlier and oftener, and by other States, it might have tended to a better understanding between the States that need immigration and the States that can send emigrants. Let enterprise freely flow through the States whose industries have been paralyzed—that is their salvation. It is men of capital and energy, not adventurers, that the South is willing and waiting to receive.

If you want save yer self yer better leave these digins. Ime hired to do job and cum uv mif, best here at yer house four times and in yer room wane but yer looked like an angel and I can't do it but sum one will, for the willians have found out yer whereabouts and will kill yer for your fortune what is left yer by a feller that yer befriended when he was on the cars sick, he died and left all he had to yer if yer was alive on the first of June, if yer was dead it was to go to two other fellers, and if yer don't give them the slip there sartain to kill yer before that time. Farewell.

The girl says she remembers once giving a sick man a drink of water when she was on the cars; he was a stranger to her; he asked her name and where she lived. The girl will be kept out of reach of danger.

A. H. GARDNER  
J. E. CHILTON,  
W. MILLER,  
GARDNER & MILLER,  
Wholesale Grocers,  
AND  
Commission Merchants,  
No. 247 Main Street, between Sixth and Seventh.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

## AN AWFUL ACCIDENT

The Iron Bridge, at Dixon Illinois, Falls Into Rock River or With Three Hundred People.

Seventy-Five Persons Killed and Thirty-Two Wounded.

On Sunday evening last, the iron bridge at Dixon, Illinois, was crowded with men and women and children, to witness a baptism, when it fell with a terrible crash, precipitating its living freight into the water beneath. The scene which ensued was indescribably terrible, as the struggling victims endeavored to free themselves from the ruins of the bridge and from each other; the large crowds of people on the banks rushing wildly to and fro, unable to render assistance. Mothers came to the river bank anxiously inquiring for children; fathers, for wives and children, and all was horror and excitement. A few of the vast crowd on the shore regained their self-possession and speedily brought ropes, planks and boats into requisition, and the work of rescuing the living and recovering of the dead commenced. A few who were near the end of the bridge escaped without assistance, while others were able to free themselves from the wreck and reach the shore safely. Many are supposed to be pinned to the bottom of the river by the net-work of iron. The latest information received from the scene of the catastrophe is that the efforts to raise the fallen bridge, in order to release the bodies supposed to be buried beneath the wreck were unsuccessful. The number killed and wounded is estimated at about one hundred and fifty.

**Public Speaking.**

Colonel C. E. Bowman and Hon. T. W. Varney, Democratic candidates for Senator of the Eighteenth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Casey, Garrard, Boyle and Lincoln, will address the citizens of Casey county, at the following times and places: Middlebury, Monday, May the 12th; Jenkins', Tuesday, May the 13th; Williams' Store, Wednesday, May the 14th; Casey's Creek, Thursday, May 15th; Powell's Store, Friday, May 16th; Liberty, Saturday, May 17th. Speaking to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m., each day.

**A ROMANCE.**

CHAPTER FIRST.

On last Saturday eve, as the sun slowly wheeled his broad disc to the West, and the shadows began to lengthen over the fields just bursting into living verdure under the divine alchemy of May, a single horseman might have been seen leisurely pursuing his solitary course along the Somerset road. There was much in the appearance of this traveler to excite deep and solemn reflection. In the timorous it would perhaps have sleepily entered into apprehension. The charger he bestrode was lean—very lean—but strong, sagacious and serviceable. The rider was a man with open and ingenuous, but withal determined countenance; apparently about twenty-nine years and six months of age. He wore a tall and wondrously glossy silk hat. On his heels were fastened two immense Texas spurs, with bells attached which jingled musically when, as occasionally required, he admonished the ribs of his noble animal. In his belt he carried a pair of horse pistols of antique pattern. From his saddle-riders, which had evidently seen much service, protruded on the one side Blackstone's Commentaries, and on the other Webster's Unabridged. Resting on the pommel of his saddle, and steadied by his disengaged hand, was a two-gallon jug, which gavo out to the air an insidious, yet pleasing odor.

Thus accouched this solitary horseman rode steadily onward, now speaking words of encouragement to his gallant horse, such as "easy, old fellow, easy;" now applying his nostrils to the stopper in the jug, and now beguiling the tell-tale of his journey by a loud and melodious whinny, in the which art he seemed no mean proficient.

The gentle reader will not have failed to guess, by this time, that this is our hero. Yes! it is, indeed, none other—inspired with the ardor of early manhood he rides forth in search of adventure and contingent fees. Alas! Alas!—but we must not anticipate.

On, on he rides, through the still lengthening shadows, to the far distant country of the Christian Statesman—to the land of Ninrod Buster.

(To be Continued.)

**Emigration To Kentucky.**

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If similar declarations had been made earlier and oftener, and by other States, it might have tended to a better understanding between the States that need immigration and the States that can send emigrants.

Let enterprise freely flow through the States whose industries have been paralyzed—that is their salvation.

It is men of capital and energy, not adventurers, that the South is willing and waiting to receive.

Farewell.

The girl says she remembers once giving a sick man a drink of water when she was on the cars; he was a stranger to her; he asked her name and where she lived. The girl will be kept out of reach of danger.

X.

WILLIAM JUETT, aged eighty, was married in the Harrison House at Cincinnati the other day to Mrs. Annie Perrell, aged seventy-two.

## Law Partnership.

The Iron Bridge, at Dixon Illinois, Falls Into Rock River or With Three Hundred People.

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**A ROMANCE.**

CHAPTER FIRST.

On last Saturday eve, as the sun slowly wheeled his broad disc to the West, and the shadows began to lengthen over the fields just bursting into living verdure under the divine alchemy of May, a single horseman might have been seen leisurely pursuing his solitary course along the Somerset road. There was much in the appearance of this traveler to excite deep and solemn reflection. In the timorous it would perhaps have sleepily entered into apprehension. The charger he bestrode was lean—very lean—but strong, sagacious and serviceable. The rider was a man with open and ingenuous, but withal determined countenance; apparently about twenty-nine years and six months of age. He wore a tall and wondrously glossy silk hat. On his heels were fastened two immense Texas spurs, with bells attached which jingled musically when, as occasionally required, he admonished the ribs of his noble animal. In his belt he carried a pair of horse pistols of antique pattern. From his saddle-riders, which had evidently seen much service, protruded on the one side Blackstone's Commentaries, and on the other Webster's Unabridged. Resting on the pommel of his saddle, and steadied by his disengaged hand, was a two-gallon jug, which gavo out to the air an insidious, yet pleasing odor.

Thus accouched this solitary horseman rode steadily onward, now speaking words of encouragement to his gallant horse, such as "easy, old fellow, easy;" now applying his nostrils to the stopper in the jug, and now beguiling the tell-tale of his journey by a loud and melodious whinny, in the which art he seemed no mean proficient.

On, on he rides, through the still lengthening shadows, to the far distant country of the Christian Statesman—to the land of Ninrod Buster.

(To be Continued.)

**Emigration To Kentucky.**

There has been a belief, widespread throughout the North, that immigrants are not, and are not likely to be, welcome south of the Ohio. The emphatic and cordial declaration of the Kentucky Democratic State Convention should bury such suspicion.

If similar declarations had been made earlier and oftener, and by other States, it might have tended to a better understanding between the States that need immigration and the States that can send emigrants.

Let enterprise freely flow through the States whose industries have been paralyzed—that is their salvation.

It is men of capital and energy, not adventurers, that the South is willing and waiting to receive.

Farewell.

The girl says she remembers once giving a sick man a drink of water when she was on the cars; he was a stranger to her; he asked her name and where she lived. The girl will be kept out of reach of danger.

X.

WILLIAM JUETT, aged eighty, was married in the Harrison House at Cincinnati the other day to Mrs. Annie Perrell, aged seventy-two.

## Law Partnership.

The Iron Bridge, at Dixon Illinois, Falls Into Rock River or With Three Hundred People.

Seventy-Five Persons Killed and Thirty-Two Wounded.

On Sunday evening last, the iron bridge at Dixon, Illinois, was crowded with men and women and children, to witness a baptism, when it fell with a terrible crash, precipitating its living freight into the water beneath. The scene which ensued was indescribably terrible, as the struggling victims endeavored to free themselves from the ruins of the bridge and from each other; the large crowds of people on the banks rushing wildly to and fro, unable to render assistance. Mothers came to the river bank anxiously inquiring for children; fathers, for wives and children, and all was horror and excitement. A few of the vast crowd on the shore regained their self-possession and speedily brought ropes, planks and boats into requisition, and the work of rescuing the living and recovering of the dead commenced. A few who were near the end of the bridge escaped without assistance, while others were able to free themselves from the wreck and reach the shore safely. Many are supposed to be pinned to the bottom of the river by the net-work of iron. The latest information received from the scene of the catastrophe is that the efforts to raise the fallen bridge, in order to release the bodies supposed to be buried beneath the wreck were unsuccessful. The number killed and wounded is estimated at about one hundred and fifty.

**Public Speaking.**

Colonel C. E. Bowman and Hon. T. W. Varney, Democratic candidates for Senator of the Eighteenth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Casey, Garrard, Boyle and Lincoln, will address the citizens of Casey county, at the following times and places: Middlebury, Monday, May the 12th; Jenkins', Tuesday, May the 13th; Williams' Store, Wednesday, May the 14th; Casey's Creek, Thursday, May 15th; Powell's Store, Friday, May 16th; Liberty, Saturday, May 17th. Speaking to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m., each day.

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The Iron Bridge, at Dixon Illinois,



# THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1873.

## About House Cleaning.

In the face of manifold exertions, we protest that women do not enjoy house-cleaning! We only do it because we must, and often plunge into the disagreeable work which makes the days of beautiful, quiet spring seem like the sadness of the year, with an angry horn of desperation, frequently far too early in the day, and without making those previous plans which would mitigate the labor.

The principal portion of the house-cleaning should never be undertaken till the weather is quite warm enough to dispense with fires, hence the late call never be determined by the almanac; but the parlor, milk room, cellar, etc., can be done earlier in the season. When these have been thoroughly cleaned, we may begin with the lessened apartments, and finish with the dining-room and kitchen.

The only way to accomplish the house-cleaning without the care of dust, turmoil, and misery which are sometimes thought to be necessary attendants, is to do but one room at a time, and this quietly and methodically.

The first necessity is a large, clean, soft dust-cloth, just a little moistened. With this should be dusted every article of furniture contained in the rooms you wish to clean, before carrying into one adjoining, where all should be placed in as small a compass as possible while awaiting their turn to old quarters. Pictures and mirrors if too large to be removed from the walls, should be covered, to protect from dust and accidental blows.

The next step is to pull the jacks, being careful not to break off the heads and leave points in the floor to prove a "vexation of spirit" to the one who attempts to re-lay the carpet. When the latter is loosened from the door, if a Brussels or a Wilton, it should be folded by the seams, instead of being gathered into a heap, as these carpets would be creased by this treatment, which would not injure an ingrain or a three-ply.

For carpet-beating, a sunny, windy day is best. If we live in the vicinity of a carpet-beating establishment, we shall, of course, patronize it; but if not, we must have, suspended between two trees or some equally convenient support, a strong rope of sufficient length to permit the carpet to lie smoothly over it. As it would be difficult to get a heavy carpet over a rope hung high enough to keep the former from dragging on the grass, it is well to fasten one end of the rope to one tree, and pass the other end loosely over a limb of the other tree, leaving the intercalated part so "slack" that it will lie on the ground. The carpet can now be laid on it, and the rope drawn up and fastened. Select for whipping long, smooth, flexible boughs, and employ as beaters the two strongest and most patient workmen at your command. A Brussels or other heavy carpet should be whipped on the right side, as the fabric is so thick that it does not fit through.

When beating no longer produces dust, the carpet should be taken down by loosening the rope till it is as "slack" as at first; then, if a Brussels, lay the right side to the grass and shake well; after which it may be hung on the rope and again tested with whip, to make sure that no dust remains. It may now be left hanging in the wind for a time, or folded smoothly and brought within doors.

While the carpet-beaters are at work, the house-cleaner, with closed doors and opened windows, has taken a quantity of damp tea and coffee-ground, saved for the purpose, and with them sweeps the floor. Then the mop is brought into requisition, for the scrubbing-brush is rarely needed on the floor that has been, and is to be, protected by a carpet.

Now for the closets. Everything in them should be shaken out or dusted, walls rubbed down, shelves washed, etc. For this purpose, it is not necessary to soak the rags, as it is desirable that they should dry soon, that the contents may be returned as quickly as possible.

After this, the walls may be dusted with a clean, soft cloth, pinned over a broom. If the walls are well papered, they will require nothing farther; if painted, they may very probably need washing; if "hard finished," re-whitewashing; if only whitewashed, they are almost sure to require a renewal of the process, and this is the time.

Next in order comes the washing of doors, cases, etc. If these are of wood, simply oiled and varnished, wiping with a flannel cloth wrung out of fair, soft water, will be sufficient; but if the wood has been painted, soap and labor both may be required.

Windows may be washed now or after the carpet has been put down as prepared. In the latter case, a square of oil-cloth should be laid under the window to protect the carpet from accidents.

The room is now ready for a second mopping. This does not imply a great splashing of water over the floor, but a rather gentle washing with a mop frequently wrung out in an often-renewed pail of hot water, without soap. As soon as the floor is thoroughly dry, the carpet may be stretched smoothly and tucked in neat; after which, the furniture having been reduced, may be brought back.

Mirrors and picture glasses should not be polished until the last thing, when they may be wet with a piece of chamois skin impregnated with fair water, and then rubbed with a dry piece of the same until they speak clearly.

In cleaning a library provided with inlaid furniture cases, the books should be taken out of the first mapping of the floor, the carefully dusted and re-

turned to the cases. If the latter are open, the books should be dusted, and removed from the room before the object is disturbed.

One room having been thus disposed of, we are ready to attack the next, and so on; usually devoting Sunday to each till all are done. This may of course prolong matters somewhat, but it prevents confusion, and in the end saves time and labor.—Lulu C. Cole.

## Kentucky Democracy.

The following platform was submitted by the Committee on Resolutions to the Convention assembled at Frankfort on the 1st of May, 1870, and adopted by a large majority:

Resolved, That the Federal Union was formed by, and is composed of, the coequal sovereign States, and its government possesses none but delegated powers, all other powers not prohibited to the States respectively, and all attempts to exercise any power in violation of these fundamental principles are subversive of the Constitution, in direct conflict with the rights of the States, and destructive to the interests of the people.

2. That while we earnestly maintain that the Federal Government should be exclusively maintained in the proper exercise of every power delegated to it in the Constitution, carefully and strictly construed, as the established means of securing justice and harmony among the several States, the chosen medium of communication between them and other nations, the safest means of defense against foreign aggressors, we hold it to be essential to preservation of the liberties of the citizens that the several States shall be maintained in all their rights, dignity, and equality as the most competent and reliable administrators of their own domestic concerns and the ardent卫kards against anti-republican tendencies.

3. That justice to the people, as well as the dictates of common honesty, demands the most rigid economy in the administration of both State and Federal Governments, the speedy and impartial arraignment of all abuses of public trust of whatever character or description, both before the established tribunal of justice and the great bar of popular judgment; that a zealous care of the elective franchise, recognized by the founders of our Government as the exclusive property of the several States and the palladium of their independence, is essential to the perpetuity of our republican institutions in the preservation of civil liberty itself, requires at all times, and under all circumstances, the absolute subordination of the military to the civil authority.

4. That the only power delegated to Congress to impose taxes on the people consists in the right to collect revenue for the purpose of paying the current expenses of the Government, and for the payment of the Federal debt, and all other duties imposed for the purpose of protecting one class of labor at the expense of another are in violation of the Federal compact, and subversive of the rights of the people.

5. That every attempt on the part of the Federal Government to assume a power not delegated to it in the Constitution, or to exercise a delegated power in a manner not therein prescribed, is an act of usurpation, impeaching the instant and unqualified condemnation of a people jealous of their liberties, and especially that every unconstitutional interference by the general Government with the local affairs of any State to any extent, or under any pretense whatever, should be at once repudiated and condemned by all classes, in every section of the Union, as it does not fit through.

6. That the spirit of generosity and sympathy which the Democracy has uniformly exhibited to our citizens of foreign birth, as a guarantee of our safety, we will in the future, as we have always done in the past, extend cordially and hospitably welcome to the industrious and intelligent emigrant, not only to the rich fields of enterprise in our State, but to a just participation in our rights as freemen.

7. That the Democracy of Kentucky, forgetting past political differences, and looking to the best interest of the whole country, cordially invites all who are opposed to corrupt consolidation to co-operate with them.

A HANING garden of sponge is one of the latest novelties in gardening. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full of rice, oats, or wheat. Then place it for a week or ten days in a shallow dish in which a little water is constantly kept, and in a few days the seeds will begin to sprout. When this has fairly taken place, the sponge may be suspended by means of cords from a hook in the window where a little sun will enter. It will thus become like a mass of green, and can be kept wet by merely immersing it in a bowl of water.

THE NEW WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

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